



Chapter One: Vergescu

(continued)



Vergescu old English for "Bright Shield". A name for bright
(cannon) energy is *Verdun* (Vergescu) used for making
in English: *Verdun* (Vergescu) (Vergescu) (Vergescu)





Women were, chatting
in a foreign tongue,
nothing he had ever
heard in his life before.

It sounded like the Breton
words of his mother's people,
mixed with Saxon and
Alemannic words.



He could
almost
understand it.



I know you like
younger men, Nimue
but this one's clearly
inappropriate

is that all you
can think of?



God save
us all, Vivian.

when he grows up
he's to be Lancelot du Lac
Do you think I should
just let him drown?



"L. Ancelet" = "The Servant" in old French,
du Lac = "of the Lake"



Of course
you can stay,
dear boy!

Let us introduce
ourselves properly-



We're the Ladies of the Lake:

Vivian,

Nimue

Nyvere.

From now on,
you'll have to do
as we say.



Galahad then
realized he had
fallen in with
a set of powerful
sorceresses.



Come along,
Lancelot-let's
get some food
into you.

The three sorceresses were... eccentric, but kind.

They taught him all sorts of things, belittling a nobly born boy of his time.



Galahad had happy, if unusual childhood with them.

If there was one thing he could complain about,

They're having alfalfa sprouts, quinoa and apple cider vinegar for dinner again.

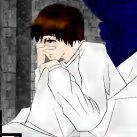
It was the food.

I think I'll stick with roasted trout.



Ahhh-

CRASH



Sorry, Lady Nimue.
Did I wake you?

I rolled off the
bed when I dozed off.

*I'll go down
it 'til I can.*





That it was
near impossible
to fall asleep?

Or that dreams
assaulted him when
he finally did?

The water that
he could never
reach, even if
dying of thirst.




The seven
crowned kings
that left the
the man with
nothing left

The winged
men they torn
out of his flesh,



The dead body
who drifted
down the river-
out and alone





When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the daisy, over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year,
For the red blood rousas in the winter's pale,
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge,
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king,
The lark, that first-linn charts,
With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for us and my dear,
While we lie tumbling in the hay!

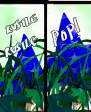


And so Galahad
grew up, until
he was nearly
fifteen years of age.

ROSILE

ROSILE

ROSILE
ROSILE





You're a murderer,
bully and a hypocrite
of the worse kind.

You repay kindness
with injury and
trust with treachery.

Adulter with
kin's blood on
your hands!

You should
have just drowned
like your mother
intended!

Child of
misfortune.



It would have
been best if
you had not
been born.





So Merlin said,
"Th. boy goes
or I go."

How unreasonable
can that wizard be?

Oh, why did I
have to give my
heart to a heartless
half-demon
like him?!



So, Nimue,
what are you
going to do?

Oh Jess,
I don't know



Only that I'm not
about to chase Lancelot
out just because
of some half-fing!

Merlin will just
have to make his
own decision.



There, there.
You're far too
pretty for that
old fart anyway.

Don't cry,
Nimue,
don't cry ...

I bet you he
doesn't know
you're calling
his bluff!

Lying there sleepless,
Galahad was formulating
one of his famous rules.



"The right thing
to do is usually
the hardest."

Although, when he
thought about it,

what kind of person
must he be if he
was always inclined
towards the wrong?





Good morning,
Lancelot, come sit!

Myrrine made hummus
with cinnamon and
apples, your favourite!



Fair
ladies,



Please allow your
servant to leave
and become
a knight.

Il Chevalier Mestais

The Knight Who Sinned

Chapter 1: Vergesien
(to be continued)

